

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN
OFFER OF A CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script:

"BLAKE'S SEVEN"

EPISODE 8: 'Duel'

by

Terry Nation

1. SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE
2. OFFER OF A CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script

Project No: 2247/1527

"BLAKE'S SEVEN"

'Duel'

Ep. 8

by

Terry Nation

Producer DAVID MALONEY
Director DOUGLAS CAMFIELD
P.A. TONY VIRGO
A.F.M. JACINTA PEEL
Assistant JEAN DAVIS

Costume Designer BARBARA LANE
Make-Up Supervisor MARIANNE FORD

T.M.1. BRIAN CLEMETT
T.M.2. CLIVE GULLIVER
Sound Supervisor TONY MILLIER

Designer ROGER MURRAY-LEACH

P.U.M. SHEELAGH REES

Script Editor CHRIS BOUCHER

Filming: 14th - 17th December 1977, Hampshire.

Rehearsing: 29th December - 7th January

Recording: 9th/10th January 1978

"BLAKE'S SEVEN" EPISODE 8: 'Duel'

CAST:

BLAKE
VILA
JENNA
GAN
AVON
CALLY
AND THE VOICE OF ZEN

TRAVIS
SINOFAR
GIROC
FEMALE ANDROID (PILOT)
MALE ANDROID N/S

SETS:

Liberator's Flight Deck
Liberator's Teleport Section
Pursuit Ship Flight Deck
The Monument and Plane of the Dead
Crown of a Tree

TELECINE:

Liberator and Pursuit Ships in Space
Planet Amersat
Desert Wastes (Stock Film)
Forest

"BLAKE'S SEVEN" - EPISODE 8: 'DUEL'

CAST:

BLAKE
VILA
JENNA
GAN
AVON
CALLY
AND THE VOICE OF ZEN

TRAVIS
SINOFAR
GIROC
FEMALE MUTOID (PILOT)
MALE MUTOID N/S

* * * * *

SETS:

Liberator's Flight Deck
Liberator's Teleport Section
Pursuit Ship Flight Deck
The Monument and Plain of the Dead

* * * * *

"BLAKE'S SEVEN"

EPISODE 8: 'Duel'

by

Terry Nation

TELECINE 1:

SUPOSE CAM

Main
Opening
Titles:

Ext. The Planet Amersat.
Night.

PHOTOCAPTION:

We see the Planet,
which glows with a
pale yellow light. The
CAMERA CLOSES on it until
it fills the screen and
its outer dimensions are
lost.

Ext. Desert Wastes. Night.
(STOCK FILM)

Barren wastes. No growing
or living thing. A thin
wind moans across the
desolate landscape.
ESTABLISH the desolate
isolation.

END TELECINE 1.

EXT. THE PLANET AMERSAT. NIGHT.

(PHOTOCAPTION:

WE SEE THE PLANET,
WHICH GLOWS WITH A
PALE YELLOW LIGHT.

THE CAMERA CLOSES ON
IT UNTIL IT FILLS
THE SCREEN AND ITS
OUTER DIMENSIONS ARE
LOST)

1. EXT. THE MONUMENT AND PLAIN OF THE DEAD.
NIGHT.

(GLISTENING BLACK
CLIFFS, THEIR SURFACE
FUSED INTO GLASS BY
THE WEAPONS OF A LONG-
FINISHED WAR, REAR UP-
WARDS INTO THE DARKNESS.

AT ONE POINT THE
CLIFFS ARE SPLIT BY
A DEEP CLEFT, THROUGH
WHICH A VAST PLAIN CAN
BE SEEN.

STRETCHING TO THE DIS-
TANT HORIZON THE PLAIN
IS FILLED WITH SMALL
PYRAMID-SHAPED GRAVE-
MARKERS.

AT ONE SIDE OF THE
CLEFT A SEMI-CIRCULAR
SECTION HAS BEEN CUT
OUT OF THE BASE OF THE
CLIFF.

STANDING IN THE CENTRE
OF THIS SPACE IS A
SMALL MONUMENT.

ON A PLINTH IS THE
UPPER TORSO OF A MAN.
THE ARMS ARE HELD
ABOVE THE HEAD, AND
EACH HAND HOLDS ONE
HALF OF A BROKEN SWORD.

THE HEAD OF THE STATUE
IS THROWN BACK. IT HAS
NO FACE, ONLY A SMOOTH
FEATURELESS BLANK.

ALTHOUGH THE SKY IS
CLEAR AND STARRY, WHILE
THE SCENE IS ESTABLISHED
DISTANT TUNING MURMURS

ALTHOUGH THE SKY
IS CLEAR AND STARRY,
WHILE THE SCENE
IS ESTABLISHED
DISTANT THUNDER
MURMURS AND LIGHTNING
FLICKERS.

SUDDENLY THERE IS
A SHATTERING CLAP
OF THUNDER. THE
ACCOMPANYING FLASH
OF LIGHTNING MOMEN-
TARILY OBSCURES
EVERYTHING.

WHEN IT HAS PASSED
A WOMAN IS STANDING
IN FRONT OF THE
MONUMENT.

SHE IS IN HER
THIRTIES, SLIM,
DARK COMPLETED
AND VERY TRANQUIL.

SHE IS DRESSED
IN A SIMPLE SAFFRON
ROBE. ON HER
FOREHEAD IS A DISC
OF THE SAME COLOUR
AS HER ROBE AND
ABOUT THE SIZE OF
AN INDIAN CASTE
MARK.

HER NAME IS
SINOFAR. AS
SHE STANDS STARING
UP INTO THE SKY
SHE IS JOINED BY
AN OLD CRONE WHO
SHUFFLES OUT OF
THE DARKNESS.

THIS IS GIROC.
SHE IS DRESSED
LIKE SINOFAR BUT
DOES NOT HAVE THE
DISC ON HER FORE-
HEAD. SHE TOO
STARES UP INTO
THE NIGHT SKY)

SUDDENLY THERE IS A
SHATTERING CLAP OF
THUNDER. THE ACCOMPANY-
ING FLASH OF LIGHTNING
MOMENTARILY OBSCURES
EVERYTHING.

WHEN IT HAS PASSED A
WOMAN IS STANDING IN
FRONT OF THE MONUMENT.

SHE IS IN HER THIRTIES,
SLIM, AND VERY TRANQUIL.

SHE IS DRESSED IN A
SIMPLE ROBE.

HER NAME IS SINOFAR)

SINOFAR: (QUIETLY - ALMOST TO HERSELF
Giroc. (BEAT) Giroc? (MORE FIRMLY)
You must come here to me. Now.

(SHE CLOSES HER EYES
AND HOLDS OUT HER
HANDS SLIGHTLY, PALMS
UPWARDS.

AN OLD CRONE SHUFFLES
OUT OF THE DARKNESS
TOWARDS HER COMPLAINING
ALL THE WHILE)

GIROC: (QUERULOUSLY) Alright,
alright. I'm coming. Have a little
patience. Me of all beings should
have learned patience. I'm tired.
I deserve some peace.

(SHE STANDS IN FRONT
OF SINOFAR WHO RELAXES
AND OPENS HER EYES)

SINOFAR: No. We must earn our peace

GIROC: I have, Sinofar! I have
earned it!

SINOFAR: You still came when I summoned you.

GIROC: I had no choice. You use my power against me.

SINOFAR: It isn't your power Giroc
...

GIROC: I know, I know. It's the power of the race. But it's in me. I never wanted to be the Keeper.

SINOFAR: Nor 'I the Guardian.

GIROC: You could let us both fall. If I controlled the power that's what I'd do.

SINOFAR: You know that isn't possible. The power must be dissipated by restoring the balance. Then you and I can be at peace.

(SHE LOOKS UP AT
THE SKY)

But first we must atone.

GIROC: Why us?

SINOFAR: We were chosen.

GIROC: I didn't ask to be chosen.

SINOFAR: You cannot ask to be chosen
...

(GIROC LOOKS UP INTO
THE SKY FOLLOWING
THE DIRECTION OF
SINOFAR'S GAZE)

2. EXT. NIGHT SKY. NIGHT.

(PHOTOCAPTION:

AS THOUGH FROM THE
WATCHERS V.P. A
NIGHT SKY, CLEAR
AND BRIGHT WITH MANY
STARS.

AMONGST THESE STARS,
AND LOOKING LIKE
THEM. THREE GLOWING
OBJECTS, BIGGER,
BRIGHTER AND MORE
DISTINCTIVE THAN ANY-
THING ELSE IN THE SKY.

ESTABLISH)

GIROC: (V.C.) Are you sure about
them Sinofar?

SINOFAR: (V.O.) Not yet. This may
not be their killing ground.

TELECINE 2:

EXT. PURSUIT SHIPS IN SPACE. NIGHT.

(MODEL SHOT:

THREE FEDERATION PURSUIT
SHIPS SEEM TO HANG IN
SPACE LIKE BIRDS AND PREY.
MENANCING AND SINISTER.

THESE ARE THE THREE
STARBURST CLASS HIGH
RANGE PURSUIT SHIPS -
THE MOST MODERN THE
FEDERATION POSSESS.

FAVOUR THE LEADING SHIP)

END TELECINE 2.

3. INT. PURSUIT SHIP FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE FLIGHT DECK IS
QUITE SMALL. HIGHLY
FUNCTIONAL. NO GLOSS
AND GLITTER, JUST
SPARK AND OPERATIONAL.

THERE ARE TWO FORWARD
SEATS SET APART. EACH
HAS A CONTROL DESK
BEFORE IT.

THESE SEATS ARE
OCCUPIED BY PILOT AND
NAVIGATOR.

THESE ARE MUTOIDS.
THEY WERE HUMANS BUT
THEY HAVE BEEN
AMENDED AND IMPROVED
WITH MECHANICAL AND
ELECTRONIC DEVICES
IMPLANTED INTO THEIR
BODIES.

THEIR SPEECH AND
MOVEMENTS ARE ENTIRELY
HUMAN. THEY ARE WITH-
OUT EMOTION.

THEIR UNIFORMS ARE
STRAIGHTFORWARD AND
WITHOUT MUCH ORNAMENTA-
TION.

THEY WEAR CLOSE-FITTING
HELMETS. THEIR FACES
ARE CORPSE PALE.

THE PILOT IS FEMALE,
THE NAVIGATOR MALE.

BETWEEN AND BEHIND
THESE TWO SEATS IS
A CENTRAL CHAIR FOR
THE COMMANDER, TRAVIS.

TRAVIS IS STARING AT
THE FORWARD VISION
SCREEN WITH FIERCE
CONCENTRATION)

TRAVIS: There!

(SUPER CAPTION:

OF QUARTER CIRCLE
OF THE PLANET.

ELECTRONIC FIX:

TINY BLIP OF LIGHT
APPEARS TO MOVE SLOWLY
TOWARDS THE PLANET)

Estimate approach speed.

FEMALE MUTOID: Time distort six.

TRAVIS: Minimum scan. Their sensors
must not register the beam.

(MALE MUTOID OPERATES
A CONTROL)

FEMALE MUTOID: Scan complete.

TRAVIS: Analysis.

FEMALE MUTOID: Identification
confirmed.

TRAVIS: (INTENSELY) Blake. The
other patrols have pushed him out
into this galaxy. I knew he'd follow
this course. I've got him. This
time I've got him.

FEMALE MUTOID: Target vehicle
maintaining course and speed.

TRAVIS: Set for orbital compensation.
We'll use the planet to mask us from
his scanners.

FEMALE MUTOID: Orbital shift
computed.

TRAVIS: Execute. Put a micro-orbiter
above the horizon. Visual scan only.
Tight beam link. Make it random
pulse emission. I'm not going to
lose him now.

TELECINE 3:

EXT. LIBERATOR IN SPACE. NIGHT. (STOCK)

(LIBERATOR FLOATS
SILENTLY TOWARD
CAMERA)

END TELECINE 3.

4. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE PRINCIPALS ARE
ALL AT THEIR STATIONS
ON THE FLIGHT DECK.

BLAKE AND JENNA ARE
INTENT ON THE SCANNER
SCREEN PICTURE THAT
SHOWS THE PLANET AHEAD
OF THEM.

SUPER CAPTION:

PLANET AMERSAT)

BLAKE: What are the surface
conditions like?

(JENNA CHECKS
INSTRUMENTS)

JENNA: M type right across the range.
Earth level gravity. Breatheable
oxygen atmosphere. Background
radiation's unusually high, but
tolerable. There's a lot of static
too. Place is alive with electrical
storms.

(BLAKE GLANCES ACROSS)
AT CALLY)

BLAKE: Anything on the star charts
or planet listings ...

CALLY: Nothing in the data banks
at all.

(BLAKE CONSIDERS FOR
A MOMENT, THEN TURNS
TO JENNA)

BLAKE: What do you think?

JENNA: Seems safe enough.

(AVON MOVES TO JOIN
THEM)

AVON: What Jenna thinks is largely
academic Blake. We've been running
on full power for too long. Slipping
those Federation patrols has used up
all our energy reserves.

JENNA: Four power banks are exhausted.
If we had to run for it now we couldn't
make better than standard by two. And
we couldn't hold that for long.

BLAKE: Re-charge time?

AVON: Forty-eight hours.

BLAKE: (BEAT) Alright. We'll hide
here for a while. The planet should
give us some protection from detectors.
Take us in to a stationary orbit as
close as possible to the surface. As
close as possible Zen. The orbit
can decay in forty-eight hours.

ZEN: Confirmed. The parameters
were anticipated.

BLAKE: (SMILES) I get the distinct
feeling I offended Zen's professional
pride then.

AVON: It's just a machine Blake.

VILA: (TO GAN) And he should know.

GAN: He is the expert.

VILA: That's not what I meant.

AVON: (INTERRUPTING) He was calling me a machine. But since he undoubtedly defines himself as a human being, I regard that as more of a compliment than anything else.

JENNA: Why don't you two shut up!

CALLY: (V.O. TO BLAKE) They have been under pressure for too long Blake.

(BLAKE LOOKS AT
CALLY AND NODS)

BLAKE: If we're going to have some time on our hands, we might as well go down and take a look at this planet. Anybody feel like some exercise?

GAN: I'd be glad of some.

JENNA: And I'd be happy to get clear of this lot for a while.

(CALLY SHAKES HER
HEAD.

AVON IGNORES THE
WHOLE THING)

BLAKE: Vila?

VILA: I'll stay here thanks.

BLAKE: You can take the first watch then. (TO JENNA AND GAN) We'll get kitted up.

(THEY MOVE AWAY
TOWARD THE DOOR
LEADING TO THE
TELEPORT SECTION)

TELECINE 4:

EXT. PURSUIT SHIPS IN SPACE. NIGHT.

(RE-ESTABLISH)

END TELECINE 4.

5. INT. PURSUIT SHIP FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(TRAVIS IS TENSE
AS HE WAITS FOR
INFORMATION. HE
REACTS AS THE
FEMALE MUTOID REPORTS)

FEMALE MUTOID: We have visual
confirmation, target has assumed a
stationary orbit one thousand spacial
from the planet's surface.

TRAVIS: Excellent.

(THE FEMALE MUTOID
TAKES A PERSPEX
PHIAL OF CLEAR YELLOW
LIQUID FROM A LOCKER
NEAR HER PILOT SEAT.

SHE TURNS AWAY SO
THAT TRAVIS CANNOT
SEE WHAT SHE IS DOING)

Be quick with that.

FEMALE MUTOID: Normally I wouldn't
do it in the presence of an Unmodified

(STILL SHIELDED FROM
HIS VIEW SHE OPENS
THE FRONT OF HER TUNIC.

BETWEEN HER BREASTS IS
A MOULDED CHANNEL IN
WHICH IS A PHIAL OF
COLOURLESS LIQUID.

FEMALE MUTOID REMOVES
THE USED PHIAL AND
REPLACES IT WITH THE
NEW ONE)

TRAVIS: We've no time for coyness.
I'm aware of your need for concentrat
blood serum.

FEMALE MUTOID: Most are. But few
accept it for what it is. A
functional convenience.

(SHE CLOSES THE FRONT
OF HER TUNIC AND
PLACES THE USED PHIAL
IN THE LOCKER)

Opponents of Mutoid Modification
call us vampires.

TRAVIS: I am not an opponent.

FEMALE MUTOID: It is immaterial,
Commander. I await your command.

TRAVIS: Attack formation. Fifteen
hundred specials trajectory. Pursuit
ships two and three will move to
flank. Fire on my command.

TELECINE 5:

EXT. PURSUIT SHIPS IN SPACE. NIGHT.

(MODEL:

THE THREE SHIPS
BEGIN TO ARC AWAY
FROM ONE ANOTHER)

END TELECINE 5.

6. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION. NIGHT

(BLAKE, JENNA AND
GAN GLAMP THEIR
BRACELETS ONTO
THEIR WRISTS AND
MOVE INTO THE
TELEPORT AREA.

VILA IS AT THE
CONTROL DESK)

BLAKE: (TO VILA) Try and stay alert.

VILA: Of course I will. How can
you doubt me?

BLAKE: It isn't easy but somehow
I manage it. Put us down.

(VILA OPERATES THE
CONTROLS.

THE TRIO DE-
MATERIALISE)

7. EXT. SMALL SECTION OF CLIFF BASE. NIGHT.

(BLAKE, JENNA
AND GAN MATERIALISE
AT THE BASE OF THE
CLIFFS TO ONE
SIDE OF THE CUT
AWAY SECTION IN
WHICH THE MONUMENT
IS PLACED.

THE MONUMENT IS
NOT IMMEDIATELY
IN THEIR RANGE
OF VISION, NOR CAN
THEY SEE THE
PLAIN OF THE DEAD.
THEY LOOK AROUND.

BLAKE PUTS HIS
WRIST TO HIS MOUTH
AND SPEAKS INTO
THE COMMUNICATOR)

BLAKE: We're down safely. Looks very
barren. Nothing much else to report.

8. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.
NIGHT.

(WE HEAR BLAKE'S
VOICE FINISH HIS
REPORT THROUGH A
LOUDSPEAKER)

BLAKE: (V.O.). We'll check with you
when we've had a look round. Out.

9. EXT. SMALL SECTION OF CLIFF BASE. NIGHT.

(JENNA IS STARING
UP AT THE SKY,
GAN IS EXAMINING
A PIECE OF THE CLIFF)

JENNA: Liberator looks like a star
from here. (TO BLAKE) Be nice to
stop running wouldn't it?

GAN: (CALLS) This cliff's all
shiny. Like glass.

(BLAKE MOVES ACROSS
TO JOIN HIM.

JENNA STAYS
STARING UP AT
THE SKY)

JENNA: (SOFTLY) I wish it was just
a star...

CAPTION:

(GRAPHICS: SFX.

STARRY NIGHT SKY.

SUPER A DOT EVIDENT
AGAINST A BACKDROP
OF SMALLER STARS)

10. EXT. SMALL SECTION OF CLIFF BASE.
NIGHT.

(BLAKE RETURNS TO
JENNA. HE HANDS
HER A SMALL PIECE
OF SHINY ROCK)

BLAKE: What do you think?

JENNA: Surface seems to have been
melted.

BLAKE: Almost like the effect of
a fusion bomb.

(GAN HAS ALREADY
MOVED ALONG THE
CLIFF AND ROUND A
SMALL OUTCROP.
HE STOPS DEAD IN
HIS TRACKS AND
CALLS)

GAN: Blake, Jenna. Look at this.

(BLAKE AND CALLY
MOVE TO JOIN HIM)

BLAKE: What is it...?

(BLAKE AND JENNA
MOVE UP TO SHARE
GAN'S V.P. BOTH
REACT)

11. EXT. THE MONUMENT AND PLAIN OF THE
DEAD. NIGHT.

(RESUMING ON BLAKE
AND HIS COMPANIONS.
THEY WALK FORWARD
IN SILENCE GLANCING
AT THE MONUMENT BUT
DRAWN TO STARE
THROUGH THE CLEFT
OUT ONTO THE PLAIN
OF THE DEAD)

GAN: As far as you can see...

JENNA: How many do you suppose?

GAN: And what?

BLAKE: Grave markers...?

JENNA: So many of them...

(GAN GLANCES BACK
TO THE MONUMENT.

SINOFAR AND GIROC
ARE STANDING BY
IT WATCHING THEM.

GAN PULLS BLAKE'S
ARM)

GAN: Blake! (Cont...)

(THEY TURN TO THE
MONUMENT BUT THE
TWO WOMEN HAVE
VANISHED. GAN DOES
A TAKE)

GAN: (cont) They ...

(HE GOES TO THE
MONUMENT AND WALKS
ROUND IT.

BLAKE AND JENNA
WATCH HIM, .
PUZZLED BY HIS
BEHAVIOUR)

They were here. Two women. Watching
us.

(BLAKE AND JENNA
MOVE TO JOIN HIM.

GAN IS EXAMINING
THE AREA MINUTELY)

JENNA: Well they're not here now.

GAN: There's nowhere they could have
gone.

BLAKE: Maybe we've all been on that
ship too long.

GAN: (TOUCHES HIS HEAD) Maybe the
limiter implant is breaking down.

BLAKE: (SMILES) I doubt that.

(JENNA HAS BEEN
LOOKING AT THE
MONUMENT.

THE OTHER TWO
NOW GIVE THEIR
ATTENTION TO IT)

JENNA: It's a broken weapon of some
kind. A symbol of peace?

BLAKE: Or defeat. This whole place
is a memorial to the dead. (TO GAN)
Maybe they were ghosts you saw.

(GAN IS STARING
AT THE SKY)

GAN: Those aren't ghosts. Look!

(BLAKE AND JENNA
FOLLOW HIS STARE)

EXT. NIGHT SKY. NIGHT.

(GRAPICS/ELECTRONIC FX.

THE OUTSTANDINGLY
BRIGHT STAR LOOK OF
LIBERATOR.

FROM DIFFERENT
DIRECTIONS, THREE
OTHER BRIGHT THOUGH
SMALLER POINTS
OF LIGHT MOVING IN
TOWARDS LIBERATOR.

ESTABLISH)

12. EXT. THE MONUMENT AND PLAIN OF THE
DEAD. NIGHT.

BLAKE: Federation ships - ... they've
got to be.!!

JENNA: Where did they come from?!!

GAN: They must have been waiting.

BLAKE: The Travis' Strategy again!

(BLAKE IS ALREADY
PRESSING HIS
WRIST COMMUNICATOR.
PANIC GRIPS THEM
ALL)

Vila! Pursuit ships closing on you...
Full alert and get us up fast.

13. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION. NIGHT

(VILA IS ASLEEP
PERCHED SOMEWHAT
PRECARIOUSLY IN
THE CHAIR.

BLAKE'S VOICE
COMMANDING THROUGH
THE LOUDSPEAKER
ROUSES HIM WITH A
START)

BLAKE: (VO) Move it! They're right
on top of you.

(VILA DOES MOVE.

HE SCRAMBLES
TO HIT A SWITCH
THAT SENDS A
WARNING SIREN
SOUNDING THROUGH
THE SHIP AND IN
THE SAME MOMENT
OPERATES THE
CONTROLS TO
TELEPORT BLAKE
BACK UP TO THE
SHIP.

THEN HE STARTS
TO RUN TOWARD
THE FLIGHT DECK)

14. EXT. THE MONUMENT AND THE PLAIN OF
THE DEAD.

(BLAKE AND HIS
COMPANIONS DE-
MATERIALISE.

WE THEN SEE
SINOFAR AND
GIROC STANDING
BESIDE THE
MONUMENT.

THEY LOOK UP
INTO THE SKY)

EXT. NIGHT SKY. NIGHT.

(GRAPHIC.

WE SEE THE
PURSUIT SHIP
STARS CLOSING
ON LIBERATOR'S
BRIGHT GLOW)

SINOFAR: (VO) They are closing
for battle. The choice is made.
We must hurry.

15. INT. LIBERATOR'S TELEPORT SECTION.
NIGHT.

(BLAKE, CALLY
AND VILA MATERIALISE
AND THEN RACE FOR
THE FLIGHT DECK
DOOR.

THE ALARM IS
STILL SOUNDING
THROUGH THE SHIP)

16. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE TENSION ON
THE FLIGHT DECK
IS CLOSE TO
PANIC.

VILA, CALLY AND
AVON ARE HURRIEDLY
SETTLING INTO THEIR
FLIGHT POSITIONS.

BLAKE, JENNA
AND GAN RACE INTO
THE FLIGHT DECK.

JENNA AND GAN
IMMEDIATELY CROSS
TO THEIR POSITIONS)

BLAKE: Can we get past them?

JENNA: They're closing too fast.
We'd have to cross through their
strike range.

BLAKE: Avon ... What's our power
reserve?

AVON: Banks five six and seven
full charge. Zero on the rest.

BLAKE: Maximum speed and range?

JENNA: Standard by four about eight
million spacial.

BLAKE: We can't even outrun them.

VILA: We've got the neutron blasters.

AVON: There isn't enough power for a sustained attack.

BLAKE: We'll have to let them get in closer. Try and penetrate their shields with a low energy strike. Battle computers optimal strategies? Limit to three options.

ZEN: Pre-emptive action was inhibited by manual over-rides and absence of Flight Deck crew. Strategy options are now reduced to one. Battle computers propose surrender.

AVON: Logic says we're dead.

BLAKE: Logic's never explained what dead means!

ZEN: Sensors report plasma bolt launch.

(THIS TENSES
AND ALERTS
EVERYBODY)

BLAKE: Direct vision!

(GAN OPERATES
BUTTON)

TELECINE 6:

THE LIBERATOR SCREEN. NIGHT.

(PURSUIT SHIP A.
(LEFT OF FRAME)

SUPER ELECTRONIC FX.
PLASMA BOLT ADVANCING
ON SCREEN)

16A. INT. FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE GROUP STARE
AT THE SCREEN)

JENNA: Put up the force wall!

BLAKE: No, wait...

JENNA: Why?

BLAKE: It's a major energy drain.

AVON: It's closing fast, Blake -
come on!

BLAKE: I said 'wait' ...

RESUME TELECINE 6:

THE LIBERATOR SCREEN. NIGHT.

(RESUME ELECTRONIC FX.
PLASMA BALL IS GROWING.
IT IS ALMOST ON
THE LIBERATOR)

END TELECINE 6.

16B. INT. FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(RESUME GROUP)

ZEN: Second bolt launched.

BLAKE: Activate force wall!

(AVON HITS A CONTROL.

THE LIGHTING IN
THE LIBERATOR DIMS
AT THE POWER DRAIN.

THE IMPACT ROCKS
THE FLIGHT DECK
AND EVERYBODY IS
SHAKEN ABOUT)

Deactivate. Track Second bolt. Power
loss?

AVON: Thirty percent on bank five.

ZEN: Third bolt launched.

(GAN IS WORKING
DIRECT VISION
CONTROLS)

Second bolt closing...

(BLAKE LOOKS UP AT
SCREEN)

TELECINE 7:

THE LIBERATOR SCREEN. NIGHT.

(PURSUIT SHIP B.
(RIGHT OF FRAME)

SUPER ELECTRONIC
FX. PLASMA BOLT
ADVANCING ON SCREEN.
IT IS ALMOST ON THE
LIBERATOR)

END TELECINE 7.

16C. INT. FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(RESUME GROUP)

BLAKE: Activate force wall!

(AVON OPERATES
THE CONTROL.
ROUTINE AS BEFORE.

DIMMING OF LIGHTS.
THE FLIGHT DECK
IS SHAKEN AGAIN)

GAN: Third bolt closing!

TELECINE 8:

THE LIBERATOR SCREEN. NIGHT.

(PURSUIT SHIP C.
(CENTRE OF FRAME)

SUPER ELECTRONIC FX.
PLASMA BOLT ADVANCING
ON SCREEN AND ALMOST
FILLING SCREEN)

END TELECINE 8.

16D INT. FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(RESUME GROUP.

ROUTINE AS BEFORE.

THE SECOND OF THE
TWO PLASMA BOLTS
HITS THE SHIP AND THE
LIGHTS DIM)

BLAKE: Deactivate.

AVON: Bank five has forty percent
remaining.

BLAKE: Is there anymore, Zen?

ZEN: Negative.

CALLY: They'll move in closer now
and strike again.

BLAKE: Sensors on full alert.

VILA: Are we just going to sit here
and let them shoot at us?

BLAKE: Yes. While they do, they're
using power faster than we are. It
might even things up. Shorten the
odds a little anyway.

JENNA: The odds on what?

BLAKE: Being able to blast a way through them and run.

ZEN: Three plasma bolts launched and running. Bearing directly.

BLAKE: Ready Avon? Better hang on everyone. It's going to be rough for a while.

VILA: I don't mind rough. It's fatal I'm not keen on.

17. INT. PURSUIT SHIP FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(TRAVIS IS GRIMLY
PLEASED, SENSING
VICTOR)

TRAVIS: He's low on power alright.
He'd have made a run for it otherwise.

(HE TOUCHES A
SWITCH AND SPEAKS
INTO A COMMUNICATOR)

Pursuit leader to Pursuit Three.
Continue barrage. Pursuit Two, hold
your fire.

(HE SWITCHES OFF
THE COMMUNICATOR)

(TO FEMALE MUTOID) We'll make him
keep that force wall in operation.
Bleed his energy banks...

FEMALE MUTOID: If Pursuit three keeps
firing it won't have enough reserve
to put up a defence shield.

TRAVIS: Pursuit Three is expendable.
Let Blake destroy them and Pursuit
Two. Between them they can run Blake's
reserves down to Zero. This ship will
still have full power and we can move
in and finish him. It's just a matter
of time, and Blake's a dead man.

18. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(AS WE OPEN, WE
SEE THE FLARE OF
A VIOLENT EXPLOSION
ON THE SCREEN.

THE FLIGHT DECK
ROCKS AND THE
LIGHTS FLICKER.

THEN AS THEY
RECOVER)

BLAKE: Deactivate.

AVON: Bank five is finished.
Drawing on six.

BLAKE: Power projection?

ZEN: At the present level of
discharge reserves will be exhausted
in two point three hours.

JENNA: Which is when they move in
for the kill.

GAN: And we'll be helpless.

ZEN: Plasma bolt launched. Bearing
directly.

BLAKE: Jenna take the command... Gan,
Vila observe for her. (cont ...)

(BLAKE STRIDES
ACROSS TO A
CHART TABLE
BECKONING AS
HE MOVES)

BLAKE: (cont) Avon? Cally?

(BLAKE PRODUCES AN
ELECTRONIC SKETCH
PAD.

HE SCRIBBLES IN
IT AS HE SPEAKS.

THE SYMBOLS
APPEAR ON THE
SCREEN)

It's a battle of attrition. He's
trying siege tactics. Our only chance
is to break out before we're too weak...

AVON: We know we can't outrun them.

BLAKE: I wasn't planning to try.

(IN THE BACKGROUND
JENNA GOES THROUGH
WHAT IS NOW THE
ROUTINE BUSINESS
OF PUTTING IN THE
FORCE WALL.

THERE IS A DIMMING
OF LIGHTS A FLASH
AND SHOCK VIBRATION.

BLAKE AND HIS GROUP
SHOW LITTLE REACTION
AS THEY CONTINUE WITH
THE PLAN.

BLAKE POINTS TO ONE
OF THE PURSUIT SHIP
SYMBOLS)

This is the pursuit ship that's doing
all the firing ..It must be low on power
by now. It won't be a problem.

CALLY: So we ignore it.

BLAKE: Right. We go straight for this one...Not under, over or around. Right through it!

(AVON AND
CALLY
REACTS)

AVON: Ram it?

BLAKE: Liberator should take the Impact alright.

AVON: I admire your confidence.

CALLY: It would leave only one more to deal with.

BLAKE: Exactly. One against one. A straight fight.

AVON: If any of our control systems were damaged in the collision we'd be helpless.

BLAKE: We're not exactly in a commanding position now. Have you got any better ideas?

AVON: As it happens...No I haven't.

BLAKE: Then you agree?

AVON: Have I a choice?

BLAKE: Yes.

AVON: (BEAT) Then I agree.

(BLAKE TURNS
AND ADDRESSES
THE OTHERS)

BLAKE: Jenna, Gan, Vila. We want
to go for a ram. Take out the command
ship. (THE THREE REACT) I can't see
any other hope for us.

JENNA: (CASUALLY) Neither can I.

(SHE GETS UP
AND MOVES
TOWARDS HER
PILOT POSITION)

BLAKE: You'll have to fly us on
manual Jenna.

JENNA: Yes. We'll need to take the
impact on the lower hull.

ZEN: Plasma bolt launched. Bearing
directly...

BLAKE: Alright...the instant this one
hits the wall we move. Stand by.

(AVON MOVES
QUICKLY TO
HIS POSITION)

AVON: Force wall activated.

(WE SEE THE
FLASH AND
THE TREMOR.

JENNA IS
ALREADY IN
POSITION)

Force wall deactivated.

- 51 -

BLAKE: Right. Now.

(JENNA OPERATES
THE CONTROLS
AND WE HEAR A
SURGE OF POWER)

- 51 -

TELECINE 9.

EXT. LIBERATOR IN SPACE. NIGHT.

(MODEL STOCK)

LIBERATOR TURNS
ON ITS OWN AXIS
AND STARTS TO
MOVE AWAY.

END TELECINE 9.

19. INT. PURSUIT SHIP FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

FEMALE MUTOID: Pursuit Three reports total power shut-down. They are incapable of further action.

TRAVIS: Very well.

(HE USES HIS
COMMAND
COMMUNICATOR)

Pursuit leader to Pursuit Two.
Commence firing.

FEMALE MUTOID: Target ship is under way. It's turning.

TRAVIS: He's running. There's nowhere to run, Blake. Compute course and speed and lock on.

FEMALE MUTOID: Speed time distort three and rising. Course zero zero zero. They're coming straight at us...

TRAVIS: Stand by Plasma bolt.

FEMALE MUTOID: Holding course. Computers propose evasive action.

TRAVIS: Hold position;

FEMALE MUTOID: Still coming...

TELECINE 9xx.

(On Screen)

EVERYBODY is staring at the screen that shows the tiny image of the pursuit ship at screen centre.

JENNA grimly handles the controls.

BLAKE stands behind her.

The OTHERS are at their stations.

On the scanner screen the pursuit ship is dead centre.

BLAKE: Zen. Count down to impact.

ZEN begins the count which continues throughout the scene as a background.

ZEN: Commencing at forty-seven, ... forty-six, ... forty-five...

BLAKE: When he realises we're going to ram, he'll fire a full salvo.

GAN: Will the force wall hold at this range?

BLAKE: We're about to find out.

AVON: There they are!

TELECINE 9xx.

(On Screen)

20. INT: LIBERATOR FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

BLAKE: Zen. Count down to impact.

(ZEN BEGINS
THE COUNT
WHICH
CONTINUES
THROUGHOUT
THE SCENE
AS A BACK-
GROUND)

ZEN: Commencing at Thirty-two...thirty-one...thirty...

BLAKE: When he realises we're going to ram, he'll fire a full salvo.

GAN: Will the force wall hold at this range?

BLAKE: We're about to find out.

GAN: Salvo fired! Four of them!

BLAKE: Stand by force wall...

JENNA: (SUDDENLY ALARMED) We're losing power! We're slowing!

BLAKE: Full thrust!!

(JENNA SHOVES
THE POWER
CONTROL FORWARD
TO ITS FULL
EXTENT)

JENNA: It's not responding...Blake! We're stopping!!

We see four bolts
represented by
fast moving dots
of light, issue
from the pursuit
ship (GRAPHIC)

END TELECINE 9xx.

21. INT. PURSUIT SHIP FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(TRAVIS SHOW
HIS FIRST
ALARM)

TRAVIS: They're holding course...
(REALISATION) They're going to ram
us! Evasive trajectory! Full thrust!

(THE MUTOID
OPERATES HER
CONTROLS AND
IS INSTANTLY
AWARE THAT
THE SHIP IS
NOT RESPONDING)

FEMALE MUTOID: Controls are not
responding. All systems are locked.

(WE NEED A SPECIAL
EFFECT HERE: A
SLOW CHANGE IN
THE LIGHTING OR A
LENS EFFECT.

THE ILLUSION WE
WANT IS THAT SOME
POWER IS INFLUENCING
THE SHIP AND THE
PEOPLE IN IT. THEIR
MOVEMENTS ARE SLOWING
DOWN PERCEPTIBLY.
THEIR VOICES, LIKE
THEIR MOVEMENTS ALSO
TAKE ON THE SOUND OF
A RUNNING DOWN RECORD)

TRAVIS: Boosters...full angle
trajectory...

TRAVIS: Boosters ... full angle
trajectory ...

FEMALE ANDROID: Still no response ...
Full systems failure. The ship is
dead...

TRAVIS: What is it? What's happening?

22. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE SAME EFFECT
IS APPARENT ON
LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT
DECK.

ALL MOVEMENT IS
SLOWING DOWN.

VOICES SLUR.

THE LIGHTING OR
LENS EFFECT IS
STRONGLY APPARENT)

BLAKE: Activate Force wall.

(EVEN ZEN IS
AFFECTED AND
THE COUNT
DOWN SLURS ON
EVEN SLOWER)

ZEN: Nine...eight...

AVON: Force wall activated...

TELECINE 10.

EXT. LIBERATOR AND PURSUIT SHIP.
SPACE. NIGHT.

(MODEL)

LIBERATOR NOSES
VERY SLOWLY UP
TO THE PURSUIT
SHIP. BUT THERE
IS NO IMPACT AS
THE TWO SHIPS
TOUCH VERY GENTLY.

IN THE SAME INSTANT
THEY FREEZE.

END TELECINE 10

23. INT. PURSUIT SHIP FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(ALL ACTION ON
THE FLIGHT DECK
HAS BEEN HALTED
IN MID-MOVEMENT.

THE WHOLE SCENE
IS LIKE A WAX
TABLEAU.

TRAVIS' MOUTH
OPEN AS THOUGH
HE WAS SPEAKING
WHEN THE MOMENT
CAME.

THE LIGHTING OR
LENS EFFECT IS
FULL POWER)

24. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE SAME EFFECT
HAS TAKEN PLACE
IN LIBERATOR.

ALL ACTION FROZEN
INTO A STILL
PHOTOGRAPH.

CAMERA MOVES,
PICKING ON,
FACES AND
ATTITUDES.

ESTABLISH, AND
THEN FAVOUR
BLAKE, WE HOLD
ON HIM FOR A
FEW MOMENTS
WHILST HE
REMAINS
COMPLETELY
MOTIONLESS.

A VERY SLOW
LIGHTING CHANGE
BEINGS TO WASH
OVER BLAKE.
NONE OF THE
OTHERS COME WITHIN
THE AMBIT OF THIS
LIGHT.

WE SEE BLAKE'S
EYES BLINK SLOWLY.
HE IS GRADUALLY
BECOMING REANIMATED)

25. INT. PURSUIT SHIP FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(TRAVIS IS
EXPERIENCING
THE SAME SLOW
REANIMATION.

AS WITH BLAKE,
NOBODY ELSE IN
THE PURSUIT SHIP
IS AFFECTED.

TRAVIS GETS SLOWLY
TO HIS FEET)

26. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(BLAKE MOVES SLOWLY
ACROSS THE FLIGHT
DECK THEN HALTS.

HIS FACE SLOWLY
CONTORTS WITH
WHAT APPEARS TO
BE AGONIZING PAIN.

HIS HANDS GO TO
HIS HEAD.

THE AURA OF
LIGHT AROUND
BLAKE BECOMES
MUCH MORE INTENSE.
BLINDLY STRONG.
WHEN IT REACHES IT'S
PEAK BLAKE STARTS TO
DE-MATERIALISE.

WHEN HE HAS VANISHED,
THE LIGHT FADES AND
RETURNS TO NORMAL.

THE CAMERA LOOKS
AROUND THE FLIGHT
DECK.

THE ENTIRE CREW IS
AS WE LAST SAW THEM,
STILL FROZEN INTO
POSITION. GRADUALLY
THEY BEGIN TO REANIMATE)

27. EXT. THE MONUMENT. NIGHT.

(SINOFAR STANDS
BESIDE THE
MONUMENT.
HER EYES ARE
CLOSED. HER
HANDS ARE
HELD OUT
SLIGHTLY,
PALMS UPWARD.

THE DISC ON HER
FOREHEAD IS
GLOWING. THE
MONUMENT ITSELF
IS GLOWING WITH
PULSATING INNER
LIGHT.

BLAKE MATERIALISES
AND STANDS BEFORE
THE MONUMENT.

THOUGH CLEARLY
CONSCIOUS HE IS
UNABLE TO MOVE.

TRAVIS MATERIALISES
BESIDE BLAKE, HE TOO
IS UNABLE TO MOVE.

GIROC STANDS BESIDE
SINOFAR. SHE LOOKS
UP AT THE SKY)

GIROC: (SOFTLY) Listen to me. Listen
to me, all of you.

28. EXT. NIGHTSKY: NIGHT.

(PHOTOCAPTION.

WE SEE THE
CLUSTER OF
BRIGHTER THAN
STAR LIGHTS
THAT SHOW THE
THREE PURSUIT
SHIPS AND
LIBERATOR.

(LIBERATOR AND
ONE PURSUIT SHIP
VIRTUALLY TOUCHING))

GIROC: (V.O.) We are Giroc, the
keeper. We are Sinofar, the Guardian.

29. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE OTHER ARE
NOW FULLY
ANIMATED. THEY
SIT IN ATTITUDES
OF SHOCK AND
PUZZLEMENT AS
GIROC'S VOICE
WHISPERS THROUGH
THE FLIGHT DECK)

GIROC: (V.O.) Your ship is held -
held in a stasis beam. It cannot
break free.

(On to page 66)

30. INT. PURSUIT SHIP FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE MUTOIDS
LISTEN IMPASSIVELY
AS GIROC'S
VOICE WHISPERS
THROUGH THEIR
FLIGHT DECK)

GIROC: (V.O) Only your life-support
systems will function normally. The
rest will remain in our control until
we have completed our task.

31. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(GIROC'S VOICE
CONTINUES)

GIROC: (VO) You yourselves have
been released so that you may watch,
listen...

(THE SCANNER
SCREEN SUDDENLY
ACTIVATES AND
SHOWS BLAKE AND
TRAVIS
APPROXIMATELY
FROM SINOFAR'S
P.O.V.)

(VO) ... and understand.

32. EXT. MONUMENT. NIGHT.

(BLAKE, TRAVIS,
SINOFAR AND
GIROC ARE IN
THE SAME POSITIONS.

GIROC NOW
LOOKS AT
SINOFAR. HER
ATTITUDE IS
ODDLY REVERENTIAL)

GIROC: (SOFTLY) We are ready. They
can be released.

(SINOFAR RELAXES
AND OPENS HER
EYES. THE
DISC ON HER
FOREHEAD GRADUALLY
STOPS GLOWING.

THE GLOW FROM
THE MONUMENT
BECOMES MUTED
BUT CONTINUES
STEADILY.

BLAKE AND TRAVIS
FIND THEY CAN
MOVE.

SINOFAR SMILES.

BLAKE IS STRUCK
BY HER BEAUTY.

TRAVIS IS
CONSCIOUS
ONLY OF HIS
NEED TO KILL
BLAKE.

HE AIMS HIS
GLOVED FIST
WITH IT'S
RING-MOUNTED
LENSES)

TRAVIS: Blake!

(BLAKE TENSES,
NOTHING HAPPENS)

GIROC: (AMUSED) The weapon built
into that hand will not work here,
Primitive.

SINOFAR: (CHIDING) Giroc...

GIROC: His impulse to kill is
primitive.

SINOFAR: (GENTLY) As ours was not?

(GIROC SULKS)

BLAKE: Who are you?

SINOFAR: I am Sinofar, the Guardian.
This is Giroc, the Keeper.

TRAVIS: I am Space Commander Travis
an officer and accredited representative
of the Earth Federation. As an
agent of my government I demand an
immediate explanation of this.

GIROC: (GLEEFUL) Primitive and
pompous.

(SINOFAR LOOKS
AT BLAKE)

BLAKE: Blake, I'm not a Federation
officer, but I'd like an explanation
too.

TRAVIS: Blake is an enemy of the state
and a fugitive. He is my prisoner.

(TRAVIS TAKES A
PACE FORWARD
AND APPARENTLY
COLLIDES WITH
AN INVISIBLE
BARRIER.

TAKEN ABACK,
HE FEELS THE
BARRIER.

SEEING THIS,
BLAKE FEELS
FOR HIS WALL)

GIROC: (EVEN MORE GLEEFUL) Primitive,
pompous and stupid.

SINOFAR: (SHARPLY) Giroc.

GIROC: Alright, alright. It's just
that there is such violence in him.
He is exciting! (cont...)

(SUDDENLY REALISING
WHAT SHE HAS SAID -
ASHAMED)

GIROC: (cont) Old instincts die hard
Sinofar.

SINOFAR: I know.

TRAVIS: You will release me from
this force barrier.

SINOFAR: There are things that you
must know first.

TRAVIS: You do realise that any
hostile act against me will be regarded
as a hostile act against the Federation.
Do you have any idea of the risk you're
running?

(GIROC CACKLES.

SINOFAR CANNOT
HELP SMILING)

BLAKE: They don't seem very impressed
Travis. Why don't you try stamping
your foot.

TRAVIS: (SMILES COLDLY) You're very
cheerful Blake. For a dead man.

BLAKE: Do you intend to hold us
prisoners?

GIROC: No.

BLAKE: You were responsible for what
happened to my ship?

SINOFAR: It will be fully restored
when this matter has been settled.
(cont...)

(TO TRAVIS)

SINOFAR: (cont) As will yours. No harm will come to your crews or your ships...

GIROC: You have seen what we can do.

(TO TRAVIS)

We are capable of protecting our planet.
Your threats of reprisal are meaningless.

SINOFAR: Our powers grew out of a thousand years of war. Out of hate, and fear and the will to survive.

33. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(ON THE SCREEN
THE OTHERS ARE
NOW SEEING
GIROC, AGAIN
FROM SINO FAR'S
P.O.V.)

GIROC: We built destruction. Weapons
that your peoples have not yet dreamed
of... Every passing year brought new
and more powerful ways to kill, and
through the centuries the war raged
across our planet.

34. EXT. MONUMENT. NIGHT.

(SINOFAR TAKES
UP THE STORY)

SINOFAR: With each generation there were fewer of us. The dead vastly outnumbered the living, and still there was no victory for either side.

BLAKE: How did it end?

GIROC: Another development of another weapon. We demanded their surrender. They refused. The weapon was used. Those that we called our enemy were annihilated.

TRAVIS: You won.

SINOFAR: It wasn't a victory. It was only the end of the war. We were left with a planet made barren by radiation. Our children were monsters, or died or were never born. This we won.

BLAKE: How many of you are there now?

GIROC: We are a dead race ...

(BLAKE SHOWS
CONCERN.)

TRAVIS IS
IMPASSIVE,
WAITING, EVEN
SLIGHTLY BORED)

SINOFAR: We have told you this so you
will understand our reasons for
intervening in your... dispute.

GIROC: Tell us, what is your dispute?

TRAVIS: As I told you... this man is
an enemy of the Federation. Tried and
condemned. I must bring him to justice
or kill him.

GIROC: (TO BLAKE) You?

BLAKE: I am an enemy of the Federation.
It is corrupt and oppressive. I will
destroy it. If I can.

SINOFAR: Irreconcilable viewpoints.
Your differences cannot be resolved
without the destruction of the other's
belief. The classic pattern for war.

TRAVIS: I was about to resolve our
differences when you interfered. I
would have destroyed him and his ship.

SINOFAR: (TO BLAKE) How many are
there in your crew?

35. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(EVERYONE IS WATCHING
THE SCREEN WHICH
NOW SHOWS BLAKE)

BLAKE: (ON SCREEN) There are seven of
us - no six - Zen doesn't count really.

AVON: Five, neither does Vila.

VILA: Four, Zen's more human than you
are.

JENNA: Listen. Listen!

GIROC: (ON SCREEN) And in your ships?

TRAVIS: (ON SCREEN) Nine.

SINOEAR: (V.O.) Fifteen people could
die because of your beliefs.

BLAKE: (ON SCREEN) My crew are with
me by their own choice.

AVON: (IRONIC) Really.

CALLY: We can leave whenever we wish.

VILA: Would now be too soon?

36. INT. PURSUIT SHIP. FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT

(THE IMPASSIVE
AND SILENT
MUTOIDS
WATCH THEIR
SCREEN)

TRAVIS: (ON SCREEN) Mine have sworn
alleigence to the Federation.

GIROC: (ON SCREEN) I'm sure they're
all splendidly loyal and dedicated. I'm
sure that you could both find supporters
for your cause and each of you could be
backed by a massive army eventually.

37. EXT. MONUMENT. NIGHT.

SINOFAR: But would numbers change
the nature of the dispute?

BLAKE: Probably not.

TRAVIS: Look what is this? Are you
preaching pacifism and brotherly love?

GIROC: Of course not.

SINOFAR: We understand that men will
kill for their beliefs.

GIROC: And that is precisely what we
intend to let happen...

(BLAKE AND
TRAVIS REACT)

TRAVIS: What does that mean?

GIROC: Each of you wishes to destroy
the other. We are going to give you
the chance.

BLAKE: A duel? Is that what you're
suggesting?

GIROC: A fight to the death.

SINOFAR: We will ensure that the loser's ship has an opportunity to get away. A limit to the deaths. Don't you find that rational?

TRAVIS: No. When I've killed Blake I'll simply hunt down the others.

SINOFAR: That will be your choice, should you survive. We cannot control your actions beyond this planet... But there will be no destruction, no space wars, within our influence...

BLAKE: Aren't you putting artificial limits on your responsibility?

SINOFAR: Responsibility must have limits or it cannot be maintained.

BLAKE: I don't believe you. He's right, you're interrupting a skirmish not stopping the war. Your... contest won't solve anything. You must have another reason for this charade. And I don't think I want to kill for your entertainment.

GIROC: You have no choice.

BLAKE: (LOOKS AT TRAVIS) We could agree not to fight.

TRAVIS: We could.

GIROC: (CHORTLES) If you trusted one another...

SINOFAR: There is another reason.
A lesson we would have you learn about
death.

BLAKE: We both know too much about
that already.

SINOFAR: Yes, you know what it is to
kill. But here you must take a life.
There will be no distance between you
and death. No machines to make the
act unreal. You will touch the life
you take.

TRAVIS: Shall we get on with it?

SINOFAR: There is an entrance for
each of you... Once through you cannot
return, you must go on.

GIROC: You can return only when it is
over.

TRAVIS: Weapons?

SINOFAR: Tools for survival. Do not
waste them.

(SHE POINTS TO
THE GROUND.

HUNTING KNIVES
APPEAR BEFORE
BLAKE AND TRAVIS)

BLAKE: How long have we got?

SINOFAR: There is no limit except
your physical endurance.

TRAVIS: (SNEERS) So this is your
lesson...

38. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE SCREEN SHOWS
GIROC)

GIROC: (ON SCREEN) Half the lesson.
The death of an enemy. The other half
is the death of a friend.

(IT TAKES A
MOMENT FOR
THE WATCHERS
TO REALISE WHAT
SHE HAS SAID.

THEY LOOK
AT EACH OTHER
NERVOUSLY.

GAN IS THE FIRST
TO SEE WHAT IS
HAPPENING.
HE GETS UP AND
LUNGES TOWARDS
JENNA)

GAN: Jenna!

(BEFORE HE GETS
TO HER SHE
DE-MATERIALISES)

39. INT. PURSUIT SHIP. FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE FEMALE
MUTOID DE-
MATERIALISES)

40. EXT. MONUMENT. NIGHT.

BLAKE: No! I've had that lesson.
I've seen friends die!

(SINOFAR LOOKS
AT TRAVIS)

TRAVIS: Nothing concerns me but
my duty.

SINOFAR. It begins... you will each
walk forward.

(BLAKE AND TRAVIS
LOOK AT ONE
ANOTHER)

TRAVIS: I don't care about their
motives. I shall enjoy taking your
life.

BLAKE: You talk a good fight Travis.
(cont...)

(TRAVIS TAKES
TWO ~~SCIPS~~
FORWARD AND
VANISHES.)

BLAKE LOOKS AT
SINOFAR)

- 5 -

BLAKE: (cont) I care about your motives.
And if any of my friends should die
because of you...

SINOFAR: All your friends would have
died...

(BLAKE WALKS
FORWARD AND
DISAPPEARS.

SINOFAR CLOSES
HER EYES AND
HOLDS OUT HER
HANDS PALMS
UPWARD.

THE DISC ON
HER FOREHEAD
BEGINS TO
GLOW AGAIN)

GIROC: (SOFTLY) Now watch...
and learn.

TELECINE 11:

Ext. Forest. Day. (Shave Green)

(IN MID-STRIDE
BLAKE APPEARS
IN THE FOREST.

STARTLED HE
TURNS TO LOOK
BACK THE WAY
HE HAS COME,
BUT THERE IS
NO SIGN OF THE
CLIFF OR THE
DOORWAY THROUGH
WHICH HE STEPPED.

ALL AROUND HIM
IS THE FOREST,
SILENT EXCEPT
FOR A THIN COLD
WIND WHICH STIRS
THROUGH THE TREES.

BLAKE STANDS
LISTENING. HE
SHIVERS AND IS
ABOUT TO MOVE
AHEAD WHEN A
SOUND CATCHES HIS
ATTENTION.

HE STANDS FOR
A MOMENT LISTENING
AND CAREFULLY
SURVEYING THE
IMMEDIATE AREA.

SOME DISTANCE AWAY,
GIROC MATERIALISES.
ALTHOUGH IN FULL
VIEW OF THE CAMERA
SHE IS INVISIBLE
TO BLAKE.

HIS GAZE PASSES
DIRECTLY ACROSS
HER, BUT HE DOES
NOT REACT IN ANY
WAY AS HE LOOKS
FOR SIGNS OF
DANGER.

SATISFIED, BLAKE
STARTS TO MOVE
FORWARD CAREFULLY.

GIROC RAISES HER
HAND.

BLAKE'S STEPS
FALTER. HE SHAKES
HIS HEAD AND
RUBS HIS EYES. HE
LOOKS AHEAD TRYING
TO FOCUS.

WE TAKE HIS P.O.V.
WHICH DEFOCUSES
UNTIL EVERYTHING IS
AN INDISTINCT BLUR.

BLAKE RUBS HIS
EYES AND STRUGGLES
TO SEE.

GIROC SMILES AND
WITH HER OTHER HAND
MAKES A SINGLE
BECKONING GESTURE.

A SHORT DISTANCE
AWAY, TO ONE SIDE
AND BEHIND BLAKE,
TRAVIS APPEARS.

TRAVIS, TOO,
IS UNAWARE OF
GIROC AND,
MOMENTARILY
DISORIENTATED,
BUT HE SHAKES THIS
OFF AS SOON AS
HE SEES BLAKE FROM
BEHIND.

BLAKE CONTINUES TO
TRY AND CLEAR
HIS VISION.

TRAVIS HESITATES,
PUZZLED BY BLAKE'S
BEHAVIOUR AND
SUSPICIOUS OF A
TRAP.

AS HE MOVES
FORWARD AGAIN,
TRAVIS MAKES A
SMALL SOUND.

BLAKE SPINS
ROUND TO FACE
THE SOUND.

SILENTLY, TRAVIS
MOVES TO ANOTHER
SIDE.

BLAKE DOES NOT
TURN WITH HIM
BUT CONTINUES TO
FACE WHERE THE
FIRST SOUND CAME
FROM.

TRAVIS PICKS
UP A PIECE OF
WOOD AND THROWS
IT OVER BLAKE'S
HEAD.

BLAKE TURNS
TO FACE THE
SOUND, HIS
BACK TO TRAVIS)

TRAVIS: (QUIETLY) Blake!

(BLAKE SPINS
ROUND TO FACE
THE VOICE AND
AS HE DOES SO,
TRAVIS SMASHES
HIM TO THE
GROUND.

BLAKE STRUGGLES
TO HIS KNEES.

TRAVIS PUTS HIS
KNIFE AWAY AND
STANDS ABOVE
HIM)

Come on Blake. You don't want to die
on your knees.

(BLAKE MAKES
A DIVE TOWARDS
TRAVIS WHO
STEPS NIMBLY
ASIDE AND PUTS
BLAKE BACK ON
THE GROUND.

TRAVIS PLACES
A KNIFE AGAINST
HIS THROAT)

Goodbye Blake.

(JUST AS HE
IS ABOUT TO CUT
BLAKE'S THROAT
THE FRAME FREEZES)

SINOFAR: (VO) Giroc!

(GIROC DISAPPEARS
FROM THE FOREST)

41. EXT. MONUMENT. NIGHT.

(GIROC SHUFFLES
FORWARD TO
STAND IN FRONT
OF SINOFAR)

GIROC: I just wanted to see how
vicious he really was. I wouldn't
have let him kill yet.

SINOFAR: You misuse the power.

GIROC: Separate them, wipe it from
their minds. Nothing's lost.

SINOFAR: How long must I suffer
you Giroc?

GIROC: Start the contest Sinofar.
These two show promise.

TELECINE 12

(BLAKE IS ON
THE GROUND.

THE FRAME IS
FROZEN. THE FRAME
UNFREEZES.

BLAKE RISES, A
PUZZLED LOOK ON HIS
FACE.

HE MOVES FORWARD
OUT OF SHOT)

END TELECINE 12

42. INT. LIBERATOR FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(WE SEE THE
SCREEN.

OVER IT SUPER:)

TELECINE 13

EXT. FOREST. DAY. (SHAVE GREEN)

(BLAKE MOVES
INTO SHOT.

HE HEARS THE SNAP
OF A BREAKING
TWIG. HE MOVES
BEHIND COVER AS
THE STEALTHY SOUNDS
OF APPROACH BECOME
APPARENT.

END TELECINE 13

42A. INT. LIBERATOR FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE GROUP WATCH
THE SCREEN)

AVON: How can we be seeing this?

CALLY: We watch and hear through
the mind of the one called Sinofar.

(ON THE SCREEN
BLAKE TENSES.

HE HEARS THE
SNAP OF A BREAKING
TWIG. HIS HEAD
SWINGS TOWARD
THE SOUND)

GAN: Does it matter?

AVON: It may just be an illusion.

(ON SCREEN BLAKE
WAITS BEHIND
COVER AS THE STEALTHY
SOUNDS OF APPROACH
BECOME APPARENT)

CALLY: No. It is happening.

TELECINE 14

EXT. FOREST. DAY. (SHAVE GREEN)

(BLAKE IS POISED
TO ATTACK WHEN
JENNA BREAKS COVER
AND MOVES PAST HIM.)

HE STEPS OUT
BEHIND HER)

BLAKE: Jenna!!

(SHE WHIRLS ROUND
STARTLED BUT
RELAXES WHEN SHE
RECOGNISES HIM)

JENNA: (RELIEVED) That was unkind.

BLAKE: How did you get here?

JENNA: I don't know. But it seems
that your wierd ladies have picked me
to demonstrate the death of a friend.

BLAKE: You heard all that?

JENNA: They beamed it to the
ship's main screen. What do we do?

BLAKE: Have you seen any sign of
Travis?

JENNA: (SHAKES HEAD) Have you!

BLAKE: (THOUGHTFULLY) No. (BEAT.
DECISIVELY) No...

(BLAKE LIFTS THE
KNIFE AND LOOKS
ROUND AT THE TREES
AND SCRUB)

See if we can make some weapons
first.

(HE MOVES TO
SOME SUITABLE SCRUB
AND BEGINS TO CUT
A SOLID LOOKING
STAVE)

I don't think Travis will be hard
to find. If he runs true to form
he'll lay some sort of trap and then
try to draw us into it.

JENNA: Who do you suppose he's
got with him?

BLAKE: His pilot maybe? Must have
given our hosts something of a
problem. How do you demonstrate the
death of a friend to a man who
hasn't got any?

JENNA: I wouldn't be sorry if we
didn't mention that part of it any
more.

BLAKE: I won't let anything happen
to you Jenna.

JENNA: Assuming you have a choice.

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.
(SHAVE GREEN)

(TRAVIS APPEARS
FROM COVER AND MOVES
TOWARDS THE MUTOID WHO
IS EMERGING FROM
THE SCRUB CARRYING A
YOUNG TREE BRANCH)

TRAVIS: Yes - excellent. Get me
eight more like that.

(THE MUTOID DROPS
THE BRANCH ON
THE GROUND AND
TURNS)

And do it quietly.

MUTOID: Your opponent is not in
the vicinity, sir.

TRAVIS: I want to keep it that way
until we're ready for him.

(AS THE MUTOID
TURNS BACK TO HER
TASK, TRAVIS MOVES
INTO THE FOREST)

EXT. FOREST. DAY. (SUTERS COTTAGE)

(BLAKE IS FINISHING
SHARPENING THE
END OF A LONG STRAIGHT
STAVE.

HE HANDS IT TO JENNA)

JENNA: Not exactly a neutron blaster.
Better than nothing though.

BLAKE: Not much better.

(HE TURNS BACK
TO GET HIMSELF
ONE)

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST. DAY.
(SUTERS COTTAGE)

(TRAVIS IS
EXAMINING A PATCH
OF SCRUBBY UNDERGROWTH.

HE FOKES AROUND
WITH HIS FOOT,
SEES SOMETHING AND
BENDS DOWN TO GRASP.

FROM THE TANGLE HE
PULLS A THIN GREEN
STRAND OF A CREEPER -
SOMETHING AKIN TO
CONVOLVULUS OF IVY.

HE TESTS IT AND
FINDS IT QUITE TOUGH.

WITH A GRUNT OF SATISFACTION
HE BEGINS TO
GATHER MORE)

TELECINE 15

EXT. FOREST. DAY. (SUTTERS COTTAGE)

(TRAVIS IS UNAWARE
OF THE HAZY GHOST-
LIKE FIGURE OF
SINOFAR STANDING
NEAR-BY.

THIS WILL BE AS
FOLLOWS: -

1. L.S. TRAVIS
GATHERING CREEPER
WITH SPACE TO SUPER
F.G. STUDIO
SINOFAR FOR DEEP
2-SHOT.

2. FOREST SHOT AS
BACKING TO SUPER
CU SINOFAR FROM
STUDIC.

END TELECINE 15:

43. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(WE SEE THE
SCREEN.

RUN T/C)

TELECINE 16

EXT. FOREST. DAY (SUTERS COTTAGE)

(TRAVIS GATHERING
CREEPER AND
VINE.)

END TELECINE 16

43A. INT. LIBERATOR FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THE GROUP ARE
KEEPING AN EYE ON
THE SCREEN BUT
TESTING CONTROUS
AT THE SAME TIME)

GAN: (FROM THE PILOT POSITION)
He's definitely working to a plan.

VILA: (TESTING THE NEUTRON BLASTERS)
I wish we were.

(AVON ENTERS)

AVON: Well? Did any of the controls
respond?

GAN: Nothing here.

VILA: Nor here.

CALLY: No.

AVON: That's it then. I've done
everything I can. Every machine
except life support is frozen.

CALLY: Even Zen.

AVON: At least that proves what
I've always said. Zen is a machine.

VILA: Unless he just doesn't want to
get involved.

(AVON LOOKS
AT THE SCREEN)

AVON: What's Travis doing?

CALLY: As Blake said, he is preparing
a trap. It could be a mistake.
That sort of war is best fought on
the move...

TELECINE 17

EXT. FOREST. NIGHT. (SUTERS COTTAGE)

(BLAKE AND JENNA
ARE BOTH ARMED
WITH CRUDE FIGHTING
SPEARS AND ARE
MOVING STEALTHILY THROUGH
THE FOREST.

AN UNEARTHLY CHOKING
SCREAM ECHOES THROUGH
THE FOREST, FOLLOWED BY
ANOTHER FROM A
DIFFERENT DIRECTION.

BLAKE AND JENNA
FREEZE)

BLAKE: We'd better find somewhere
to shelter.

JENNA: Yes - the quicker the better!

(AS THEY MOVE
OFF A THIRD -CLOSER -
SCREAM FILLS THE
AIR)

TELECINE 17A

EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST.
NIGHT. (SUTTERS COTTAGE)

(TRAVIS AND THE
MUTOID HAVE
STOPPED THE WORK OF
LASHING HEAVY STAVES
TOGETHER TO LISTEN TO
THE SCREAM DYING
AWAY IN THE DISTANCE)

MUTOID: The night hunters are
working.

TRAVIS: We'll finish this at
first light. (cont...)

(TRAVIS PICKS
UP A LIGHT,
SHARPENED STAVE
LIKE THE ONES BLAKE
AND JENNA HAVE.

THE MUTOID FOLLOWS
SUIT. THEY
MOVE TO A LARGE TREE.

THE MUTOID BENDS
AND CUPS HER HANDS.

TRAVIS PLACES A
FOOT IN HER HANDS
AND SHE HEAVES HIM
UP INTO THE TREE.
IGNORING HER HE
CLIMBS UPWARDS.

SHE FOLLOWS.

TRAVIS, AS MUCH
TO HIMSELF AS TO
HER)

TRAVIS: (cont) I hope Blake has
enough sense to do this. I don't
want him eaten before I can kill him.

TELECINE 17B

EXT. CROWN OF TREE. NIGHT. (SUTERS COTTAGE)

(JENNA CLIMBS UP
AND SCRAMBLES INTO
THE SLIGHT HOLLOW FORMED
BY THE DIVERGENCE OF
SOME LARGE BRANCHES AND
IS IMMEDIATELY
FOLLOWED BY BLAKE)

BLAKE: Let's hope those things
can't climb trees.

JENNA: Or fly. (LOOKING UP AT THE
SKY) I don't know the star charts well
enough to be sure, but I'd say we
were still on the same planet.

BLAKE: They've just teleported up to
a different part of it.

JENNA: Do you believe what they
told us? About themselves, I mean?

BLAKE: (YAWNS) With that much
power why bother to lie?

JENNA: (LIGHTLY) That's one way
to become a hunted criminal. (BEAT)
Trust the powerful.

BLAKE: True. What's your excuse?

JENNA: I wasn't clever enough.
(SOMBER) We none of us were. The Federation's beaten us all at least once.

BLAKE: At least...

JENNA: If we get out of this why should it be any different. The Federation will always win. Won't it?

BLAKE: (AMUSED) They caught you. You escaped, and they've chased you across the galaxy to an uncharted planet. Now you're half way up a tree in the middle of the night with a sharpened stick for a weapon, and you're still not certain they can't win. The Federation doesn't stand a chance. Are you going to sleep first or shall I?

JENNA: You can.

BLAKE: Wake me when you get tired, all right?

(HE CLOSSES HIS
EYES AND SETTLES
INTO A SECURE POSITION.

TENSE AND NERVOUS,
JENNA PEERS INTO
THE DARKNESS)

TELECINE 17C

EXT. CROWN OF TREE. NIGHT. (SUTTERS
COTTAGE)

(TRAVIS HAS
SETTLED DOWN INTO
THE MOST SECURE AND
COMFORTABLE PART.

THE MUTOID MAKES
DC WITH WHAT SHE CAN
GET)

TRAVIS: Do you remember who you were?

MUTOID: I don't understand the
question, Commander.

TRAVIS: Yes you do. Your previous
life, before you were modified.
Do you know who you were?

MUTOID: Of course not.

TRAVIS: Aren't you curious about it?

MUTOID: No.

TRAVIS: I find that hard to believe.

MUTOID: Memory is an encumbrance.
All trace of it is removed and with
it all trace of identity.

TRAVIS: And it doesn't concern you at all?

MUTOID: Why should it? That identity does not exist, even in the central computers.

TRAVIS: Yes it does. (SHE DOES NOT REACT) I know who you were. (STILL NO REACTION) Your name was Keera. You were considered very beautiful. You were much admired. Shall I go on?

MUTOID: As you wish.

TRAVIS: Doesn't it interest you now at all?

MUTOID: How could it?

(TRAVIS STARES AT
HER, ANNOYED)

TRAVIS: (CURTLY) Keep watch.

MUTOID: Yes, Commander.

(TRAVIS GOES TO
SLEEP)

TELECINE 17D

EXT., FOREST. NIGHT. (SUTERS COTTAGE)

(IN THE DARKENED
FOREST, GRUNTS,
SCUFFLES, CHITTERINGS,
GIBBERINGS AND SCREAMS
FILL THE NIGHT)

TELECINE 17E

EXT. CROWN OF TREE. NIGHT. (SUTERS COTTAGE)

(JENNA IS DOZING.

SUDDENLY QUITE
NEAR THE CHOKING
SCREAM OF A PREDATOR,
FOLLOWED BY THE
THREASHING AND GIBBERING
TERROR OF A KILL,
WAKEN HER.

DISORIENTED AND TERRIFIED,
SHE PUTS HER
HAND OUT TO STEADY
HERSELF.

SHE TURNS TOWARDS
BLAKE, WHO IS STILL
SLEEPING SOUNDLY.
IT TAKES HER A
MOMENT TO REGISTER
THAT HIS HAND IS
LYING PALM UPWARDS
ON THE TREE, AND
THAT SOMETHING LARGE
AND BAT-LIKE IS
WRAPPED ROUND IT WITH ITS
HEAD AT HIS WRIST)

JENNA: Blake! (Cont...)

(BLAKE WAKES AND
MOVES.

AS BLAKE DOES
SO, THE BAT-LIKE
CREATURE STIRS.

HE GRABS AT IT
WITH HIS FREE
HAND AND SHUDDERING
WITH PAIN AND
DISGUST HE HURLS
IT AWAY FROM HIM)

JENNA: (cont) Are you all right,
Blake?

BLAKE: What was it?

JENNA: I fell asleep, I'm sorry.
Are you all right?

BLAKE: A small cut that's all.
Stings a bit.

JENNA: I'm sorry.

BLAKE: It's all right. My fault.
We should both have stayed awake...

(END TELECINE 17E)

44. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(ON THE SCREEN:

RUN TELECINE)

TELECINE 18:

(A SHOT OF THE
FOREST.

WE HEAR THE SCREAMS
AND SHRIEKS OF
UNSEEN CREATURES.

END TELECINE 18

44A INT. LIBERATOR. NIGHT.

(AVON, CALLY, VILLA
AND GAN ARE WATCHING.
AVON GETS UP
AND MOVES TO LEAVE
THE FLIGHT DECK)

VILLA: (CALLING AFTER HIM) Have
you thought of another plan?

AVON: Yes, I'm going to get some
sleep.

VILA: How can you sleep with all this
happening?

AVON: All what happening? Beahe's
sitting in a tree. Travis is
sitting in another tree. Unless
they're planning to throw nuts at
one another I can't see much
of a fight developing until it gets
light.

GAN: You're never involved are
you, Avon? Have you ever cared about
anyone?

VILA: Except yourself?

AVON: (BEAT - QUIETLY) I've never
understood why it's necessary to
be irrational in order to prove that
you care. Or indeed why it's
necessary to prove it at all...

(AVON TURNS AND
LEAVES THE FLIGHT
DECK)

VILA: Was that an insult or
did I miss something?

CALLY: You missed something.

TELECINE 18 (CONTD)

EXT. FOREST. DAWN. (SUTERS COTTAGE)

(BLAKE AND JENNA
CLIMB DOWN FROM
THE TREE.

BLAKE FLEXES HIS
ARM AND EXAMINES THE
WOUND ON HIS
WRIST.

JENNA LOOKS
AT IT CLOSELY)

JENNA: It's quite a deep bite.
Looks inflamed.

BLAKE: Made my arm a bit sore.
Still, nothing I can't cope with.

TELECINE 18A

EXT. FOREST CLEARING. DAY. (COULD BE DAWN)
(SUTERS COTTAGE)

(THE MUTOID IS
ALREADY WORKING ON
THE FRAMEWORK OF
SPIKES WHEN
TRAVIS CLIMBS DOWN
FROM THE TREE.

HE STRETCHES AND
LOOKS AROUND.

AT THE BASE OF THE
TREE ARE THE
CORPSES OF SEVERAL OF
THE BAT-LIKE CREATURES
OF THE SORT
WHICH ATTACKED BLAKE.

TRAVIS PICKS ONE
UP)

TRAVIS: , What are these?

MUTOID: They came in the night.
I trapped them.

TRAVIS: You did more than trap
them.

MUTOID: My serum supply is
running low. There was a little
blood in each of them.

TRAVIS: There was a lot of blood in
me.

MUTOID: There still is, Commander.
You are a Federation Officer. As
I am.

TRAVIS: As long as you remember
that.

MUTOID: Do you now believe we
Mutoids are vampires?

TRAVIS: (LOOKING AT THE DEAD
CREATURES) I believe you're useful.
Let's get on with it.

MUTOID: My function will be impaired
jif I do not get further serum soon.

TRAVIS: Maybe that can be arranged...

TELECINE 18B.

EXT. FOREST. DAY.

(BLAKE AND JENNA
MOVE STEALTHILY
THROUGH THE TREES.

THEY ARE ALERT AND
SEARCHING. THEY
PAUSE AND STAND
LISTENING.

BLAKE LOOKS AT
JENNA QUESTIONINGLY.
SHE SHAKES HER HEAD
SLIGHTLY. THEY
MOVE ON)

TELECINE 18C

EXT. FOREST CLEARING. DAY. (SUTTERS
COTTAGE AREA)

(TRAVIS AND THE
MUTOID HAVE
FINISHED MAKING A
FRAMEWORK OF
NINE SHARPENED STAKES
HELD TOGETHER BY
LENGTHS OF
~~LIGHTER BRANCHES~~
LASHED WITH PIECES
OF THE CREEPER WHICH
TRAVIS FOUND.

THE FRAME LIES ON
THE GROUND WITH THE
POINTS OF THE HEAVY
SHARPENED STAKES
POINTING UPWARDS.

THE MUTOID IS
KNOTTING AND WEAVING
FURTHER STRANDS
OF THE CREEPER INTO
A CRUDE ROPE)

45. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(ON THE SCREEN.
RUN TELECINE ...)

TELECINE 19.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING. DAY.
(SUTERS COTTAGE AREA)

(SCANNER/SINOFAR P.O.V.

TRAVIS/MUTOID
WORKING ON FRAME-
WORK)

END TELECINE 19.

45A. INT. LIBERATOR A/B. NIGHT.

(THEY ARE ALL
WATCHING THE
SCREEN)

VILA: Is that what I think it is?

AVON: I don't imagine it's a
recreational aid.

VILA: I can't see Blake throwing
himself onto it though, can you?

AVON: I can't see Blake ever finding
the right place.

GAN: How's he supposed to do it?
He's got nothing to go on
has he?

CALLY: I have been watching Blake.
He is quartering the area. It is
the correct search pattern.

AVON: If it's the correct area.

TELECINE 20:

EXT. FOREST. DAY. (HAZEL HILL AREA)

(BLAKE AND JENNA
MOVING STEALTHILY,
STILL SEARCHING)

END TELECINE 20

TELECINE 20A:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING. DAY.
(SUTERS COTTAGE AREA)

(TRAVIS IS FEEDING
A SMALL FIRE.
THE SPIKED FRAME
IS NOW NOWHERE TO
BE SEEN.

TRAVIS TURNS TO
THE MUTOID)

TRAVIS: This will draw Blake
to us. Since I was given you he
must have been given a companion
too. Whoever it is I want you to
find them and bring them back
here. Dead or alive, it doesn't
matter. Just get them.

MUTOID: And Blake?

TRAVIS: No. Don't touch Blake.
He belongs to me.

(THE MUTOID DOES
NOT IMMEDIATELY
OBEY)

Well go on. What's the matter with
you?

MUTOID: The blood of those creatures.
It was not suitable.

TRAVIS: There'll be plenty of
suitable blood when you've caught
Blake's companion.

(THE MUTOID NODS
AND MOVES AWAY.

TRAVIS BEGINS TO
FEED DAMP VEGETATION
ONTO THE FIRE TO
MAKE IT SMOKE)

TELECINE 20A.

TELECINE 20B:

EXT. FOREST. DAY. (HAZEL HILL AREA)

(BLAKE AND JENNA
HAVE STOPPED)

BLAKE: They may not even be in
this area.

JENNA: We have to assume they are.

(BLAKE LOOKS UP AT
A TREE)

BLAKE: Maybe I can see something
from up there.

(BLAKE BEGINS TO
CLIMB, WITH SOME
DIFFICULTY AS HIS
ARM IS STIFFENING
UP.

JENNA TENSE AND
ALERT REMAINS
AT THE BASE OF
THE TREE. A
STEALTHY SOUND
IN SOME NEARBY
SCRUB DRAWS HER
ATTENTION. SHE
MOVES AWAY TO
INVESTIGATE, HER
SPEAR AT THE
READY. WHEN THERE
IS NO FURTHER SOUND
SHE RELAXES SLIGHTLY
AND TURNS BACK.

THE MUTOID IS
FACING HER.

SHE RECOILS IN SHOCK
BUT THE MUFOID CHOPS
HER DOWN WITH A
SAVAGE, QUICK-AS-
LIGHTNING BLOW TO
THE NECK.

BLAKE IN THE TREE
PEERING INTO THE
DISTANCE. HE STARTS
TO CLIMB DOWN.

HE REACHES THE
GROUND AND IS
SURPRISED TO SEE
THAT JENNA HAS
DISAPPEARED)

BLAKE: Jenna? (LOUDER) Jenna!

(NO ANSWER.

HE MOVES AROUND
SEARCHING, AND
FINDS HER STAVE
IN THE THICKET.
DETERMINED, HE
MOVES OFF TO
FIND HER)

END TELECINE 20B.

TELECINE 20C:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING. DAY.
(SUTERS COTTAGE AREA)

(JENNA, HER HANDS
AND FEET TIED
WITH CREEPERS,
LIES AT THE BASE
OF A TREE. SHE
IS GAGGED. KNEELING
BEHIND HER AND
COMPLETING THE
TYING, IS THE
MUTOID.

THE MUTOID MOVES
AROUND TO FACE
JENNA AND HOLDS
OUT HER OWN RIGHT
HAND PALM UPWARDS
AND TOUCHES HER
FOREARM. A THICK
NEEDLE WITH A
TUBE ATTACHED
EXTENDS FROM THE
WRIST OF HER TUNIC
ACROSS THE HEEL
OF HER HAND SO THAT
IT JUTS SLIGHTLY
DOWNWARDS FROM
THE PALM. VERY
DELIBERATELY THE
MUTOID TURNS THE
HAND OVER AND
MOVES IT DOWNWARDS
TOWARDS JENNA'S
WRIST WITH THE
OBVIOUS INTENTION
OF THRUSTING
THE NEEDLE INTO
A VEIN. AT THE
LAST MOMENT TRAVIS
INTERRUPTS)

TRAVIS: (SHARPLY) Not yet!

MUTOID: I need blood.

TRAVIS: Not yet. Get to your position.

(THE MUTOID HESITATES)

Now!

(SLOWLY THE MUTOID
GETS TO HER FEET
AND MOVES AWAY.

TRAVIS WALKS TO
THE EDGE OF THE
CLEARING AND STANDS
WITH HIS BACK TO
JENNA)

(LOUDLY) Blake! Can you hear me?
(PAUSE) I'm sure you can hear me,
Blake! I'm sure you are close by!
(Cont ...)

(BLAKE CROUCHING
IN SOME SCRUB.
HE MOVES SOME
FOLIAGE CAREFULLY
AND WE SEE THE
CLEARING FROM HIS
P.O.V. HE IS TO
ONE SIDE OF THE
CLEARING AND IS
BEHIND TRAVIS ABOUT
HALFWAY BETWEEN
HIM AND JENNA.

AS TRAVIS CONTINUES
TO SHOUT, BLAKE
BEGINS TO MOVE
WITH INFINITE CARE
TOWARDS JENNA)

TRAVIS: (cont) I have your friend!
I also have a Mutoid which needs
blood!

(BLAKE STOPS
MOVING AND
TRIES UNSUCCESSFULLY
TO SPOT THE MUTOID.
FAILING TO DO SO
HE MOVES ON.

TRAVIS MOVES OUT
TOWARDS THE OUTER
LIMITS OF THE
CLEARING)

I'm going to let the Mutoid have
your friend's blood unless you give
yourself up!

(BLAKE BREAKS COVER
AND MOVES TOWARDS
JENNA.

TRAVIS MOVES EVEN
FURTHER AWAY,
APPARENTLY UNAWARE
OF WHAT IS HAPPENING)

Your friend can live if you give
yourself up Blake! (Cont ...)

(BLAKE REACHES
JENNA WHO IS
STRUGGLING AND
MAKING FRANTIC
EFFORTS TO WARN
HIM.

BLAKE CROUCHES
BESIDE HER,
AND STARTS
CUTTING HER BONDS.

TRAVIS TURNS AND
WITH A SMILE OF
TRIUMPH SHOUTS;--)

TRAVIS: (cont) Now!

(BLAKE LOOKS UPWARDS.
ABOVE HIM, SUSPENDED
HIGH IN THE TREE
BY A ROPE OF WOVEN
CREEPER IS THE
SPIKED FRAME.

BEHIND THE TREE
THE MUTOID SLASHES
AT THE CREEPER
ROPE WITH THE
KNIFE BUT BECAUSE
OF ITS WEAKENED
CONDITION THE
BLOW IS NOT AS FAST
AS IT COULD HAVE BEEN.

THE FRAME OF SPIKES
PLUNGES DOWN TOWARDS
BLAKE. HE COMPLETES
CUTTING THE
RESTRAINING BOND
AND HEAVES JENNA'S
BODY OUT OF THE
WAY AND DIVES AFTER
HER. THE FRAME
CRASHES INTO THE
GROUND BESIDE THEM,
THE SPIKES BITING
DEEP INTO THE SOIL.

TRAVIS GIVES A
YELL OF RAGE)

Too slow!

(GRASPING HIS
SHARPENED STAVE,
HE HURLS HIMSELF
TOWARDS BLAKE,
WHO, GRASPING HIS
OWN STAVE, RISES
TO MEET HIM. THEY
LUNGE AND SLASH AT
ONE ANOTHER.

THE MUTOID GOES
TO JENNA AND ONCE
AGAIN PREPARES
TO DRAIN HER BLOOD.

JENNA STRUGGLES
AND WRITHES, HANDS
AND FEET STILL
TIED.

BLAKE SEES WHAT
IS HAPPENING AND
TRIES TO GET
TO JENNA. TRAVIS
CATCHES HIM A
GLANCING BLOW
AND HE FALLS.

WITH A GRUNT OF
TRIUMPH, TRAVIS
STAB'S DOWN HARD
AT BLAKE WHO ROLLS
TO ONE SIDE.

BLAKE SMASHES
TRAVIS ACROSS
THE SHINS.

TRAVIS GOES DOWN.

BLAKE REACHES
JENNA AS THE
MUTOID IS ABOUT
TO INSERT THE
NEEDLE AND AIMS
A CRUSHING BLOW AT
ITS FACE, WITH
HIS STAVE. THE
BLOW IS HIGH AND
CATCHES THE MUTOID
ON THE FRONT OF ITS
HELMET HURLING IT
BACKWARDS.

BLAKE CUTS JENNA'S
HANDS LOOSE AND
DROPS THE KNIFE AS
HE HAS TO MEET A
NEW ATTACK FROM
TRAVIS.

BEFORE JENNA CAN
FREE HERSELF THE
MUTOID COMES BACK
AT HER. JENNA
HOLDS THE KNIFE
IN FRONT OF HER
WITH BOTH HANDS.
THE MUTOID STUMBLES
AND FALLS ON THE
UPTURNED POINT OF
THE KNIFE.

AS BLAKE AND TRAVIS
SMASH AT EACH OTHER
TRAVIS IS GRADUALLY
GETTING THE UPPER
HAND. BLAKE'S
STRENGTH IS FAILING.

TRAVIS SENSES
VICTORY. SUDDENLY
SOMETHING INSIDE
BLAKE SNAPS AND
HE BEGINS TO FIGHT
WITH ALL THE
INSANE FURY OF A
BERSERKER.

TRAVIS FALLS AND
WITH A SNARL
BLAKE RAISES THE
POINTED STAVE
TO THRUST IT INTO
TRAVIS'S THROAT)

END TELECINE 20C.

TELECINE 20D:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING. DAY.
(SUTERS COTTAGE)

(BACKGROUND OF
FOREST TO SUPER
WATCHING SINOFAR
FROM STUDIO)

END TELECINE 20D.

46. INT. LIBERATOR'S FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(THEY ARE ALL
TENSELY WATCHING
THE SCREEN)

VILA: Kill him!

GAN: Go on!

CALLY: (QUIETLY) You must kill him,
Blake!

(ON SCREEN RUN
TELECINE)

TELECINE 21:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING. DAY.
(SUTERS COTTAGE)

(SCANNER/SINCFAR P.O.V.

BLAKE THREATENING
TRAVIS)

- 142 -

46A. INT. LIBERATOR FLIGHT DECK. NIGHT.

(AVON IS SILENT,
HIS EYES ON THE
SCREEN. ALMOST
IMPERCEPTIBLY
HE IS SHAKING HIS
HEAD)

- 142 -

TELECINE 22:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING. DAY.
(SUTERS COTTAGE)

(BLAKE FLINGS STAVE
DOWN, AND TURNS
AWAY IN DISGUST.
OPTICAL AND HE
VANISHES.
OPTICAL AND JENNA
VANISHES)

END TELECINE 22.

47. EXT. THE MONUMENT. DAY.

(SINOFAR HAS NOT
MOVED OR CHANGED
POSITION.)

GIROC SHUFFLES
ACROSS TO STAND
BESIDE HER.

BLAKE AND JENNA
APPEAR BEFORE THEM.

SINOFAR RELAXES
(AND OPENS HER EYES)

GIROC: You fought well.

BLAKE: I'm glad you enjoyed it. I
want to go back to my ship now and
get under way.

SINOFAR: We did not enjoy it.

JENNA: Neither did we.

GIROC: Why didn't you kill him?

BLAKE: Too tired. Or too weak ...
or maybe I just didn't trust your
motives. Besides as long as he's
alive he'll be the one chasing me.
And I know I can beat him.

GIROC: At least you're not stupid.

BLAKE: I need enough time to get my ship away and recharge the energy banks.

SINOFAR: You're energy banks have been recharged. I will see that your ship gets away. Perhaps there was nothing for you to learn ...

BLAKE: There was something. Another reason why I didn't kill Travis. I would have enjoyed it ...

(SINOFAR CLOSES
HER EYES AND
HOLDS OUT HER
HANDS PALMS
UPWARDS.)

BLAKE AND TENNA
FADE AND
DISAPPEAR.

SINOFAR OPENS
HER EYES BUT
DOES NOT LOWER
HER HANDS)

TELECINE 21:

EXT. LIBERATOR IN SPACE. NIGHT.

(MODEL (STOCK)

LIBERATOR BACKS
AWAY FROM THE
NOSE TO NOSE
POSITION WITH THE
PURSUIT SHIP.
TURNS AND THEN
PICKING UP SPEED
MOVES AWAY)

END TELECINE 21.

48. INT. FLIGHT DECK LIBERATOR. NIGHT.

(EVERYTHING IS
BACK TO NORMAL.
THE CREW AT THEIR
VARIOUS POSITIONS.

BLAKE IS SEATED
IN A CHAIR.

GAN IS WORKING
ON HIS INJURED ARM)

GAN: What was she like?

BLAKE: Who?

GAN: Sinofar.

BLAKE: Didn't you see her? She
was beautiful.

VILA: All we saw was the ugly one.
How is it you get all the fun?

BLAKE: Just lucky I suppose. (HE
SMILES)

49. EXT. MONUMENT. DAY.

(TRAVIS STANDS
FACING SINO FAR
AND GIROC. THE
MUTOID LIES AT
HIS FEET)

TRAVIS: He's getting away!

SINO FAR: As was agreed.

TRAVIS: It changes nothing.

GIROC: (LOOKING AT THE MUTOID)
And for her?'

TRAVIS: A mutoid. It was already
dead. Return me to my ship.

(THE MUTOID STIRS)

SINO FAR: Your companion is not
dead.

TRAVIS: Blake is getting away!

GIROC: (LOOKING AT TRAVIS) It is
good to see him again. After so
long ...

TRAVIS: What does she mean?

SINO FAR: You remind her of her
people. (BEAT) Never return to this
planet Travis.

(TRAVIS AND THE
MUTOID DEMATERIALISE)

GIROC: He is like our people.
And he learned nothing.

SINOFAR: That's why we're prisoners.
You keep us prisoner, Giroc.

(SINOFAR DEMATERIALISES.)

GIROC STARTS TO
SHUFFLE AWAY.
SHE PAUSES AND
LOOKS UP INTO THE
SKY. SHE SMILES)

50. INT. PURSUIT SHIP. NIGHT.

(TRAVIS AND THE
MUTOID ARE
BACK IN THEIR
POSITIONS. THE
MUTOID DISCARDS
A USED PLASMA
PHIAL)

MUTOID: Ready, Commander.

TRAVIS: Follow Blake's course.

MUTOID: We can't match his speed.

TRAVIS: We don't have to - just
match his course. We'll catch him.
He made a fatal error.

(THE MUTOID LOOKS
AT HIM QUESTIONINGLY.

TRAVIS SMILES)

He should have killed me!